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The Dust of Old Dacca, East Bengal.

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

(William Carey, Dacca, East Bengal, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

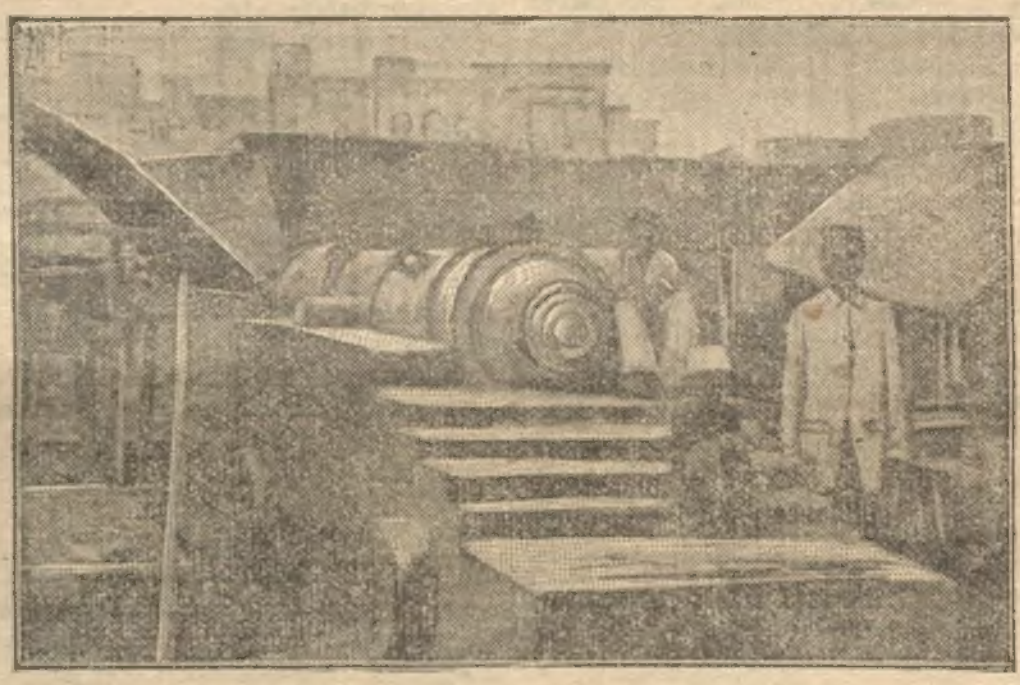
Dacca was built ten generations ago, and has ever since been crumbling to dust in the sun. Its outer walls were first softened by salt, and then swallowed up by the jungle. Down the centuries have come the fierce annual rains, scouring out its streets and dissolving its gullies. Only the hardest substances have been able to survive. Here and there a decaying tomb, the fractured shell of a palace, or the sinking buttress of a bridge points to the past; but, with these exceptions, and one bit of battered iron, there is nothing that remains of a royal city, once famous as the capital of all Bengal.

The 'bit of battered iron' is a fine old gun set on a solid carriage of masonry. It stands near the centre of the chank—our chief market square—and weighs 64,814 lbs. Its surface of hammered metal is now so worn that a number of figures in bosses which once adorned it can only be faintly traced. It has occupied its present position for exactly seventy years.

Where it came from originally no man seems to know. The oldest records of the city do not tell us, and the almost obliterated designs on the metal itself fail to give a clue. Some facts, however, have been ascertained. There were two guns, and they stood in front of a palace built

THE DUST OF OLD DACCA—AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

by Sultan Mahomed Shujah, the massive gateway of which still faces the river after two hundred and fifty years. Before the palace was a masonry embankment with broad terrace and steps down to the water's edge. The cannon stood on either side of the steps, guarding the gate. They were placed there by the famous Mogul General, Mir Jumla, the greatest of Aurangzib's warriors, and the conqueror of Assam. He was an old man, and had won many battles before he came to Dacca, in one only of which, fought near Allahabad, 114 pieces of cannon fell as spoil to the Imperial camp. Whether this particular pair were part of such spoil or not we cannot tell, but they were brought



THE DUST OF OLD DACCA.

here by Mir Jumla, and placed on the 'royal stairs.' Mir Jumla afterwards marched from Dacca, taking his army through Assam, and bent on the conquest of China. But the 'rains' set in, sickness thinned his force, and he was obliged to return. He died on the way. The two pieces of cannon had their day of pomp and show, and then, the embankment crumbling beneath them, they fell into the river. The larger of the two entirely disappeared, but the other could be seen at low tide, and, at last, after long neglect, it was fished up by elephants and dragged to its present place.

The story current in the bazaar is as follows:

'The guns were two sisters, the name of the lost one being "Fat Black," and of this, "Lady Mary." "Fat Black" was the first to go away. "Lady Mary" subsequently sank; but at low water her face could sometimes be seen, and strange noises came out of her mouth. At night she could often be heard to wail "mujhko uthao"—"take me out"—and, at length, an attempt was made by prison labor to heave her up. This signally failed. Then Mr. Walters, the magistrate, had a dream, directing him to try again by means of elephants, which he did successfully, with much ceremony, on the following day.'

Such is the history of perhaps our oldest relic, and now it is regularly worshipped by Hindus from the villages near. They smear the muzzle with red paint, hang garland of flowers round its neck, and present offerings of pice and cowries, which are placed in the bore. This is almost a daily occurrence, and shows what hold idolatry still has over the people's minds. When the worshippers have gone away, naughty boys come with long bamboos, hooked at the end, which they dexterously introduce into the nozzle, till not a piece remains. The trio hugging and patting it in the picture could doubtless account for several successful hauls; certainly, the little one looks cute enough for anything.

The square in which the cannon stands once had a fine flag-staff in the centre, at the foot of which crouched the gun. Then the whole place was open, and the effect must have been good. Now, on three sides there has risen up a nest of trumpery, tin-covered stalls, some of which are filled only twice a week. The effect is dismal. At the back of the gun there is still an open space, and I stood there making my third venture in Urdu this morning. It was a favorite preaching stand with some of the old missionaries, notably William Robinson, who regularly used it for years. The Mohammedans, however, who swarm in that quarter of the city, appear to be case-hardened, and often give trouble. They cursed us as we came away this morning, bidding us 'burn in hell.' Happily, their curses are as powerless as this old weapon. Not so the preaching and teaching of Christ. Within a stone's throw of 'Lady Mary,' just behind that line of brick houses in the picture, is a little school for Hindu and Mohammedan girls. Fourteen of them are 'Christian Endeavorers,' and the best of these is a little Mohammedan lassie, eleven years of age. Her name is Sultani, and she will be really a little 'empress' for Christ some day. She leads the meetings in her turn now, and her teacher tells me that 'she loves Jesus very much indeed.' Charles V. had twelve cannons, which he named 'the twelve Apostles,' and big guns no doubt they were. But these little ones will do better service in the kingdom of faith and love.

Cooking Cabbage in Oil.

Mr. J. B. Martin, of Fu-k'iang, remarks in 'China's Millions': 'One sometimes reads descriptions of the people that leave a bad impression of them in one's mind. Our servant is a living example of many things that we hear but patience and prayer are

conquering. The last two mornings he has triumphantly given me first rice, then eggs, then hot water. This is the order we have continually impressed upon him, and he looked quite pleased when I told him it was as I liked it. This morning he brought in a cabbage from the street. This was the first we have had, so I said I was glad he had bought it, and told him to cook it in water, not in oil. He said yes, and I went back to my study. Presently I heard the oil fizz in the pot, so I went out, and we had the following dialogue: "Is that oil?' "Yes." "I told you to cook it in water." "Yes, but it is bad eating when it is cooked in water." I, solemnly, "If I tell you to do a thing, I want you to do it." When it was served I found it was not so bad as I expected, and with the 'mien' (a kind of macaroni) was quite palatable. So I told him when he came in that it was "good eating," but would be better cooked in water. He then gave a long explanation, of which I caught the drift. He said in the ninth month they cook cabbage in water, but in the seventh month (this month) in oil. "Why not cook it in water in the seventh month?' I asked. "Because it is bad eating." "But why is it bad eating cooked in water in the seventh month, if it is good eating cooked in water in the ninth month?" But such reasoning was altogether too frivolous for him, so he simply laughed, and concluded the argument by repeating, with emphasis, the statement he had been making all along—"it is bad eating."'—'Christian Herald.'

Utilizing the Destroyer.

(Mrs. J. Arthur Johnson, in 'Sunday School Times.')

'Say, Johnnie, come over to Luke Smith's barn next Sunday morning, and we'll have some fun!' sang out Will Lucas from the top of a high rail fence which separated the two gardens. 'My uncle brought me a fiddle from Julestown, and I can almost play it a'ready. Luke Smith's got a banjo, and Fred Perkins plays a jewsharp, and—'

'Don't see where my fun comes in,' said Johnnie. ''Sides, I have to go to Sunday school.'

'Pshaw! no fun there, Johnnie. I'll tell you,—you get an old comb, and put a piece of thin paper over it, and put it to your lips, and just sing,—see?' Will jumped down beside Johnnie. 'It'll be jolly! We'll have a real band then, Johnnie, like they do in big cities.'

Johnnie's eyes shone with delight. He loved music,—what child does not?—and he had heard of bands of music to which the soldiers marched. Perhaps some day he would be a soldier and go marching to war, if he knew how to play in a band, On the other hand, Sunday was the only day he did not have to work in the fields, and he went to Sunday school.

But the next Sunday found the four boys gathered together in Luke Smith's father's barn, each with an instrument, and Johnnie's sister was late to Sunday school because she couldn't find her comb.

The Sunday following there were more combs missing, and the number of boys in the 'Moccasin Band' had doubled. One by one and two by two the young people wandered away from the church and Sunday school, where the older ones felt it was wicked to use a musical instrument of any kind.

And how the Moccasin Band did play! If not such correct music, it certainly was 'stirring' to the greatest degree, and a novelty in that quiet community. The parents stormed, and even whipped, and then settled down with long faces, as if a curse were resting upon them all. What was to be done?

One day, in a great city not far away, a man received a letter which read something like this: 'Dear Brother B——: We are in great sorrow. A Moccasin Band was started by some of our boys here quite a long time ago, and it has taken all our young people away from the Sunday school. Can you suggest any help for us?' 'Brother B——' answered: 'I'll come down and see you.'

A few days later, Will Lucas looked up from his hoeing, and saw a fine-looking stranger before him.

'Are you the leader of the Moccasin Band?' he inquired, holding out his hand.

'Yes'r,' replied Will, filled with wonder.

'Well, sir,' said the man, 'here are some hymn-books, and I would like your band to learn the marked hymns, and come to Sunday school next Sunday morning.'

'Why, they wouldn't let us in, sir.'

'If I guarantee that they will, will you promise to come?'

'Yes, sir, we will, sure.'

The stranger left the field, and walked on up the road filled with a purpose, and Will's hoe was never worked so hard before.

At an evening meeting of the older people that week, it was announced that the Moccasin Band would play in Sunday school Sunday morning, and the stranger beheld a shocked congregation. But where one member's seat was vacant on Sunday, there were fifty people to take it. The Moccasin Band was there, too, and probably for the first time in his life 'Brother B——' sang a solo to the band's accompaniment. Before ten o'clock. came, however, the roof rang with God's praises from young and old. And then they listened while 'Brother B——' told them of how God loves such praise, and wants his people to use all possible and harmless means to draw the young to him.

It was a beautiful lesson and a lasting one, for now every one of those boys of the Moccasin Band is a member of that little church and a 'soldier of the Lord,' and the little Sunday school is crowded.

Editor's Note.—This little sketch is based on actual facts. The incident occurred in Johnson County, North Carolina. 'Brother B——' is Hon. N. B. Broughton, of Raleigh, a prominent Baptist Sunday school worker and member of the Legislature, who called upon the leader of the band, named for Moccasin Creek.

Tact.

(F. W. Robertson.)

Every man has his faults, his failings, peculiarities, eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour. And if he were to resent them all life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not argue about such things, does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see.

What a Little Book Did.

A STORY OF GREAT RESULTS.

(The 'Sunday Companion.')

It was an ordinarily-bound, small-sized Bible, and would not attract more than a passing glance from any one of the hurrying hundreds who passed the little bench in front of the secondhand-book shop every day. Perhaps it had lain there for years unnoticed until one day last week, when its former owner found it.

He was ambling along, surrounded by several boon companions—a man of about thirty-six years from his general appearance, but one whose eyes looked like those of an old man. He was the jolliest of the group, and in a boisterous way was joking his fellows.

As his eyes shifted restlessly he happened to catch sight of that little leather-covered Bible as it lay on the board in front of the old secondhand shop. In an instant he stopped as if petrified, and, forgetting his companions, stood riveted to the spot. Then he walked quickly into the shop and asked the old woman to come outside.

'How much for this book?' he asked, picking it up.

'Sixpence,' was the reply.

The man handed her a silver coin, and, picking up the book, left the shop.

'What on earth do you want with that book?' exclaimed one of the party who did not see the title.

But the man paid no attention to the question. Instead, he opened the book, and there on the fly-leaf saw the inscription:

'To my boy,' and underneath the date, 'July 5, 1883.'

As he read the words two tears came into his eyes, and one of them plashed down upon the book.

His companions had by this time passed on and had entered a tavern; but he did not think of them.

His thoughts were of that twenty-first birthday, when his mother had given the little book to him on the eve of his departure for the city.

In a minute he had lived over all those evil years that had elapsed since then; and, unmindful of the passersby, he stood in the middle of the crowded street, the book still open in his hand. His companions had by this time missed him and came back.

'Hurry up, old boy; the drinks are ordered, and there's a good game going on upstairs!' cried one.

But the man only shook his head and quietly said:

'I don't think I'll play to-day,. Good-by, boys. I'm going home by the six o'clock train.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Reforming Frederick

(Walter Leon Sawyer, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

The south pasture was the last place where Elkanah Watson expected to meet with a surprise. Boy and man he had known it for fifty years, and he could have mapped the location of every stone. Yet never before had he encountered there—or elsewhere—the very dirty little boy who jumpd up from a fence corner as Elkanah approached on a certain September morning.

Elkanah was slow of speech; he opened his mouth and stared at the stranger.

'I ain't done nothin'!' the boy cried, defiantly, after they had looked at each other a moment. 'I wasn't goin' to be buried up in the ground, though, you bet!'

'Hey?' Who are ye, sonny?'

'Im Fred-er-ick.' The child prolonged the word in a curious fashion, as if he had been warned never to let go of it. 'The men put my mother in a box and carried her off in a black waggon, and I was 'fraid they or the cops would come back and get me, so I skun out.'

'Where do ye live?'

'In Galvin's Alley.'

'That's in the city, ain't it?'

'Yep,' said Frederick.

'Well, how d'ye get out here, thirty miles?' asked Elkanah.

'I hooked a ride, an' then I walked.'

The boy's black eyes seemed rather shifty, but evasive glances were the only sign he gave of possible untruthfulness. He 'spoke up' promptly, too, when the farmer questioned him. Yet the situation perplexed Elkanah, who was not quick at reaching conclusions. 'Haven't ye got any folks?' he demanded.

The boy's lips quivered. 'I ain't got nothin',' he answered.

Elkanah turned decisively in the direction of the house. 'Well, I can't have ye starvin' to death on my premises,' he said, with affected sternness. And then he added, 'You come along o' me, sonny boy.'

It would be easy to dwell on the details of Frederick's introduction to the Watsons' place: to tell how 'Aunt Rhoda' Watson fed him—which was agreeable, and scrubbed him—which was not; how she borrowed garments to replace his rags, and fitted him out a day or two later with clothing that was almost beyond Frederick's fondest conceptions of splendor; how the boy got acquainted with the wonders of the farm, and at the same time had his first experience of the crowning triumph of civilization—a Christian home.

But the essential incident at this stage in Frederick's career was Elkanah's visit to the city and to Galvin's Alley, where—although in deadly fear for his head and his pocketbook—he lingered until he had learned all that anybody could tell him about the boy.

'I guess it's so, that he hasn't got any folks,' Elkanah reported to Aunt Rhoda that night, when Frederick was safe in bed. 'Near as I can find out, his father and mother—McKendree, the name was—were pretty poor sticks. They're both dead. Folks do say, Rhody,' Elkanah added reluctantly, 'that this boy was a terr'ble little thief, reg'lar trained for it. 'Tain't me that's sayin' it, Rhody,' for his wife showed signs of vehement indignation. 'I don't know as he is, and I don't know as he isn't. I thought I ought to tell ye, though.'

'Couldn't expect much of a child that's been brought up the way he has,' Aunt Rhoda retorted. 'If he was kind o' light-fingered, it's probably because nobody ever told him different. Like enough he stole when he was starving. He's as pretty behaved a young one, so far, as anybody'd want to see. I've been thinking, Elkanah, she ended abruptly, 'we might keep him a while and see how he did turn out. There's room enough here, land knows, and it would seem kind o' lonesome now without him.'

'That's what I've been thinkin', too, Rhody,' Elkanah agreed.

So speedily, and in spite of the warnings of his old neighbors, Elkanah took Frederick into the family. He was not old enough to appreciate his good fortune fully, perhaps, and he had an 'unsentimental' disposition and made few displays of feeling; but he dropped into the home life and into school and Sunday school affairs as if he had always borne a part in them.

Frederick was a bright boy, and he went ahead with amazing rapidity. Aunt Rhoda and Elkanah were quite unrighteously proud when Frederick, returning from school one Friday night, showed them a japanned tin box, and told them with unwavering eyelids that it was his 'prize.'

'For spellin', sonny boy,' Elkanah queried benevolently, 'or figgers, or readin'?'

'He's spellin' in three letters,' Aunt Rhoda interjected; 'and it was only a little while ago he couldn't say the alphabet.'

Frederick gazed solemnly from one to the other. 'Uh-huh!' he observed. Then he seemed willing to drop the subject, and only anxious to take the box, which contained pencils and crayons, up to his own room. But Aunt Rhoda insisted that this, being his first prize, should have a place of honor. She set it on the parlor mantel.

There it remained for five days. At the end of that time the minister's wife, chancing to call, identified the box as a 'scholars' companion' which her son had missed from his desk at school. She bore the trophy home with her. Aunt Rhoda let the matter pass, only saying gently to Frederick that he 'musn't make any more such mistakes.'

To outward seeming, he obeyed. Autumn glided into winter, and winter verged toward spring, and, so far as anybody knew. Frederick wore the white badge of perfect rectitude. He was handy as well as mentally alert, and he seemed always glad to be useful.

Out of school hours he fetched wood and water, went to the store and the post-office, attended to the thousand odd jobs that lie in wait for a boy on a farm, and seemed happily content withal. His foster-parents never had a doubt of him until the mild spring day when, while Aunt Rhoda was putting his room to rights, she traced an overpowering odor to Frederick's trunk.

THE FARMER LAID THE COMBINATION ON HIS PLATE AND STUDIED IT INTENTLY.

It was an old haircloth monster the boy had found in the attic and begged for his own. Nobody could imagine what he wanted to do with it, but the natural conclusion was that, as Elkanah said, he had planned 'some boy contraption—anything from makin' a c'llection of rocks to settin' a hen.'

She tiptoed over to the trunk and dragged it from under the edge of the bed. It was not locked, but the straps were elaborate and perplexing, and Aunt Rhoda's resolution—and breath—had almost failed her before she had mastered all their mysteries. Then she courageously threw up the lid.

Surely never before or since was seen such an assortment of things! If one could imagine a museum in a madhouse—a museum established by the patients—one would have something resembling Frederick's collection.

A carving-knife lay cheek by jowl with

several decaying bananas. A great slab of cheese neighbored some cakes of toilet soap. A half-pint measure, a razor-strop, three or four glass tumblers, a garden trowel, a box of fancy stationery, several assorted bottles of patent medicine, a number of china nest-eggs and a bag of salt—these were some of the things Aunt Rhoda found in one corner. She had no heart to look farther.

She carefully extracted the cheese and the bananas and carried them at arm's length to the swill-barrel. Then she called her husband and gave him a glimpse of the contents of the trunk.

'Frederick must have stole something every time we sent him to the store,' Aunt Rhoda said. The thought shamed and distressed her inexpressibly. There were tears in her mild blue eyes. 'Why did he do it, Elkanah? We'd 'a' given him money to buy anything he wanted—and he knew it.'

Elkanah combed his beard and meditated. 'This takin' things like bananas and cheese and leavin' 'em to spile is what gits me,' he observed at last. 'Looks 'most as though he couldn't help stealin', as though it was in his blood. What say?'

Aunt Rhoda had nothing to say. The two old people sat down on the side of Frederick's bed and were speechless for a while. It was the woman who first found her voice.

'I feel a responsibility for Frederick,' she said. 'I couldn't content myself to see him go to the reform school or any such place—he's such a little feller! You better talk to him, Elkanah. It ain't in reason that he understands. If he did I'm sure he wouldn't do it. You'll have to talk to him, real solemn, after supper. He'll mind it more comin' from a man.'

Elkanah sighed, and went heavily away. His wife did not see him again that afternoon. He was very silent at suppertime, and ate little. But when the meal was ended he pushed back his chair and began abruptly, as if to make the most of his courage. 'See here, sonny boy!' he said.

Frederick showed a grave and attentive face.

'Your Aunt Rhoda and I happened on to your trunk this afternoon, Frederick,' Elkanah went on. 'We found things that—that surprised us. Did you steal 'em?'

Frederick stared solidly into a far corner of the room. 'I took some of 'em,' he owned, after a little consideration.

'What for?'

The question seemed to puzzle the boy. He locked his long, slim fingers in a peculiar fashion he had, and peered into his hands as if he expected to read an answer in the palms.

'My folks said it was smart to get things,' he muttered. 'They used to lick me when I didn't.'

'We didn't ever tell ye to get anything that didn't belong to ye, did we?'

'No.'

'Well, we'd rather ye wouldn't. We aim to send ye to school, and bring ye up to be useful and do well by ye every way; but if ye want us to do that, ye'll have to live our fashion. If you'd rather live Galvin's Alley way,' Elkanah ended, 'I s'pose we could send ye back there. I'd hate to do that, though. I think before I'd do that I'd put ye in the reform school, to stay till you was twenty-one.'

Frederick involuntarily shuddered.

'No, we wouldn't want to do that, either,' the farmer hastened to add. 'We wouldn't do it unless you drove us to it. So you just think it over,' Frederick,' he concluded, more cheerfully. 'And now you go down and ask the storekeeper to run over this evenin'. He'll tell me what the things are worth, and I'll pay for 'em, and you'll tell him you took 'em and you're sorry for it—and so we'll all start square again.'

It promised to be a severe and effectual lesson, for, as Mrs. Watson might have expressed it, Frederick was a 'high-feelin'' youth. He admired his own achievements, and greatly disliked to admit he was in the wrong, and the confession to the storekeeper was probably the bitterest penance his short life had known. Yet he went through with it manfully, and then, after a few days of depression, settled back into his old self—the same boy except, as the Watsons fondly hoped, for one desired change.

Thus the months passed until September came again. Great events were due to happen in September on the Watson place. It was just a year since Frederick had arrived. There was always Mr. Watson's birthday, too, a fixed festival. For those simple old people made much of each other's birthdays, which gave occasion for little gifts and abundant rejoicing.

Frederick was very thoughtful when he heard of the birthday; but the week before it came Mr. Watson took him to a neighboring town, to the circus, and after that he cheered up and seemed as mysteriously expectant as Aunt Rhoda herself.

He was the most excited one of the three when Elkanah lifted his plate on the looked-for morning, and revealed the mittens Aunt Rhoda had knitted for him, the collars and cuffs their married daughter had sent him, and—something else. Frederick held his breath, and gripped the edge of the table as Elkanah slowly unwrapped the—something else.

It was a gold watch, large, heavy, and so enameled in color that one might have recognized it across a street; a 'loud' and vulgar watch, yet evidently a costly one. And attached to this masterpiece was a short and slender nickel chain, worth, at the outside, about fifty cents.

The farmer laid the combination on his plate and studied it intently. He would not meet his wife's eyes.

After a moment he turned to Frederick and smiled, a somewhat ghastly smile. 'Did you give me this, sonny boy?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'I thank ye.' And with that Elkanah dropped the watch into his waistcoat pocket, and fastened the chain to a buttonhole. For some reason this action seemed not to meet with Frederick's approval.

'I thought you'd like to hang such a pretty watch over the mantelpiece—where it wouldn't get lost—and keep it to look at,' he suggested.

'Oh, no, sonny boy.' The farmer glanced at his wife now. 'I'm goin' to wear it all the time, and show it, and brag about it to everybody I meet.'

It was observable that Frederick suddenly lost his appetite.

He was in very low spirits that afternoon when, following a conference with Aunt Rhoda, Elkanah blithely told him to put on his best clothes, for they two were going to town. Nor did the drive inspirit him. It generally happened that in the course of such a trip the boy found much to look at and talk about; but today he kept his eyes fixed on the floor of the buggy and, when Elkanah spoke to him, replied in monosyllables.

Elkanah, on the contrary, seemed even absurdly cheerful—probably because it was his birthday. The birthday presents were conspicuous, the watch especially. It popped out of his pocket as often as they met anybody, and Elkanah consulted it, ostentatiously, twenty times to the mile.

Curiously enough, whenever it flashed in the sunlight Frederick, crouching in his corner of the seat, appeared to shrink and shrivel. He looked a very small boy indeed by the time they reached town—although his face was lined and gray, like that of an old man.

Elkanah drove to an unfamiliar livery-stable, that nearest the circus-grounds, and put up the team. He took occasion to show the watch here, also. To the diminished Frederick it seemed that the light of recognition shone in the liveryman's eye. Be that as it might, he made no remark, and the boy and the man walked on to the square.

Elkanah stopped in front of a jeweller's shop. A window-dial here showed the correct time, and Elkanah once more extracted the birthday watch and held it in his hand for interminable minutes. Once or twice, for no obvious reason, he turned and faced the square and the passers-by—he had the watch.

And then all at once the catastrophe occurred. A policeman elbowed his way toward them, gathered the watch deftly into his own hand, and laid the other hand on Elkanah's shoulder.

'I want you,' the policeman said, in a very decided tone.

'Hey? What's that?' Elkanah spoke as if surprised; and yet, somehow—

'We've been lookin' for this,' the officer explained, mainly for the benefit of the bystanders. 'It was lifted circus day.'

'I didn't steal it.'

The policeman tightened his grip. 'Tell that to the judge. I'll have to lock you up, just the same.'

Frederick had drifted toward the outer edge of the crowd. His first impulse, an inheritance from his old life of vagabondage, had been to run, to hide.

But Elkanah's mild and sorrowful eyes had sought him out and held him. And when he heard that threat to imprison his friend and benefactor, shut him with the little city's scum and riffraff, and fasten an indelible stain upon his name, the newer Frederick came to the front. He rushed back to the officer.

'Say, you,' the boy cried, 'don't you dare arrest him! He don't know anything about the watch. I stole it—so I could have somethin' nice to give him for his birthday. I bought the chain with my own money. You hear me? I stole the watch, I tell you!'

Strange, the boy thought even in that frenzied moment, that Elkanah should look so pleased and so well content! He did not speak, however. The policeman grinned as if he found something distinctly humorous in the situation.

'Well,' he said, jovially, in reply to Frederick's outburst, 'seein's you're bound to have it so, young feller, I'll take you along, too, and then I'll be sure I've caught enough for a mess!'

I have never asked Elkanah what influ-

ence he brought to bear on the owner of the watch—who, there is reason to believe, was somebody whose heart was sounder than his taste in jewellery. But this is certain, that Elkanah and Frederick drove home together at the usual time that night.

Elkanah was in a happy frame of mind, as usual, but Frederick was very thoughtful. He had queer choking spells all along the road, and he did not get the lump out of his throat until after Aunt Rhoda had lifted him from the buggy and kissed him and cried over him.

Elkanah says that Frederick cried more or less, too.

Furthermore, Elkanah admits that he suspected the watch had been stolen, and that he wanted to be arrested. He says that the result was 'worth it.' Indeed, I think it was. Watson's neighbors are wont to say that Frederick is 'so straight he bends backward.' He is town treasurer at present; and when his townsmen need a trustee, or an executor, or one to fill any position that calls for a just, wise, discreet and honest man, they turn to Frederick first.

Clothes and the Man.

How much time and consideration should a man give to his clothes? is a question which almost every boy asks himself on entering the world. If he have that most puerile of all weaknesses, pride in his own good looks, he may answer it by becoming a fop, and thus gain the contempt of all stronger men; but if he overrates his other good qualities he often becomes a sloven, supposing that the world will judge him on other grounds than that of well-fitting coat and trousers.

A man who was one of the foremost of American statesmen said once: 'When I was a young fellow I held dress in contempt. If I had noble aims in my soul, I reasoned, what did the cut of my coat or the polish of my shoes matter? One day I went down the street in an old hat and soiled garments which I had worn when fishing. A maid was scrubbing the front steps of a neighboring house, and probably taking me for a tramp, threw out the pailful of water as I passed. I was much bespattered, and accordingly hurried home and changed my clothes. I put on a new, handsome suit. When I passed the house again the same maid, not recognizing me, made way for me with a respectful bow. Then I reasoned: "Respect and civility are good things in life. If a certain class of people pay respect and civility to clean and seemly clothes, it is a cheap way of gaining consideration to wear them."'

Vain folly will betray itself in gaudy finery, but why should a grave, rational character be misstated and belied by unclean and slovenly garments?

There may be as much false vanity in untidy, careless clothes as in foppery.—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Snakes in India.

(J. E. Chute, in 'Canadian Baptist.')

This letter is just to tell a few plain facts about our experiences with snakes within the last four months or so, and most of them within the last few weeks.

Our experiences have been with the following varieties in the order of their viciousness.

First the cobra. We feel like writing his name with a capital as he is a fellow which inspires so much respect for his presence. This snake is so well-known for its daring, quickness and viciousness that it scarcely needs any description from me. It is about three or four feet long at most. and marked so that it need never be mistaken for any other kind. Its one particular sign is a mark much like a pair of spectacles on the back of its hood and also under its neck. It does not usually attack, however, unless attacked, or is come upon in too close quarters. It possesses less fear than any other snake, but will get away if it has a good chance. If attacked it is a fearful enemy, as its movements are so quick that it is upon its assailant before he can get in a second blow, accordingly no single person cares to attack one of them. They are said to possess memory and malice for their enemy, whom they watch to kill. This is doubtful.

Second in order comes the russels viper, about as long but thicker and blacker than the cobra. This is a great snake to blow when in danger. Its bite is about as bad as the cobra, but it is not so daring nor so quick. But this last is a quality which makes it even more feared in the night than the cobra, in that it will not get out of the way before the traveller steps on it, when it strikes.

Third, the carpet snake (Telugu, kathpamu), a small snake about two feet long, of a glossy, damp skin, covered with white bands about every inch, which give it its name in Telugu as the 'snake of bands.' This is considered a vicious snake, but not always deadly. The limb bitten may all wither up, or the flesh all drop off or become a mass of ulcers, finally causing terrible deformity and requiring amputation. This is, however, the effect more of another kind of snake, which I do not propose to describe here, as we have had no personal experiences with it recently.

Fourth, the jeripothu, a Telugu name, of which I am unable to give the English. This is about six feet long and as thick accordingly. It is also thought to be vicious, but this does not seem to be so well established. It is said by some to be the male cobra, and never bites dangerously. Some fear the strike of its tail more than its bite.

The carpet snake was most in evidence in our first year in Akidu, when we killed seventeen in and near the bungalow. They can crawl up the straight plastered wall, as we have seen them do more than once. Thus they are found in all sorts of places. But the last year the cobra has been our commonest fear.

Our wood for cooking purposes is stored in a small outhouse. Among this two cobras were killed in the hot season. This makes one handle the wood very circumspectly. Another large one was seen in the girls' dormitory rooms, but got away into a rat hole in the wall, of which there are many in the sun-dried brick walls, a first-class home for snakes.

About a week ago, when on tour, I was going to a village, I stepped over a cobra by the path. The man following, cried 'Snake!' when we killed it. I had not seen it before. We were taught by our old drill master not to look on the ground less than fifty yards ahead of us—a poor policy in India. One needs to nose the ground pretty well here.

About the same time Miss Morrow was on tour on another part of the field, when one day she went to a village her boat captain discovered a large cobra coiled up by her front door step inside the boat. He hurried for some help, when they secured the villain and finished it. She would have probably stepped on it on her return had it not been disturbed, as the peculiar way they enter the door of a boat prevents them from looking where they are stepping. How long this friend(?) had been sharing her hospitality she could not say, as there are so many places for concealment on a boat. Sometimes a boat has to be sunk to rid it of a snake known to inhabit it, as no one would think of living on a boat in such company. It must be kept carefully off from the bank at night, but sometimes they may come on along the rope that fastens it to the shore.

Last evening I sent one of the school boys to level off an old heap of rubbish, lime and tiles into a hole, when he nearly put his hands on a cobra in the pile as he was working. So much for recent experiences with cobras.

About a month ago, when one of the coolies was cutting palm leaves to thatch the girls' cook house, he came on a russels viper in a tree at such close quarters that it blew a vigorous protest into his face not more than a foot away. It was ready for attack, but the coolie gave him the field till he secured proper arrangements for a more even warfare, when he secured his enemy and brought him to me.

But the most exciting viper experience was one evening when one of the teachers started to go to his house in the compound after he had finished his business with me. It was very dark, and just after he left the door, as I was sitting at the desk, I heard two blood-curdling shrieks and a terrible hissing as if a steam pipe had sprung a leak. I immediately took in the situation and grabbed the lantern and a cane and ran in the direction of the hissing, which was still keeping up to some extent, when I found the snake about ten yards from the front door. The teacher had stepped on its tail when it threw itself up against his bare leg to strike, but not having chance of a proper aim it missed, and he took such strides as secured him against a second chance. The stick I brought was too short, so I called for a longer one, when Mrs. Chute came with a long thin bamboo with which we killed it. I shot two of these same snakes along the canal recently when on tour. The white ant-hills make good hiding places for the snakes.

Next come our experiences with jeripothus, one of which I shot in a hole in the wall of one of the servant's houses recently. Another of the same was seen in the same place later. But our most exciting experience with any kind of snake was one evening just after dark. The cook came into the dining-room, when he perceived there was some kind of snake in the dark. He cried 'Snake!' and ran. Mrs. Chute was in the study with the lamp, which she picked up, with a stick

also, and came into the dining-room, when to her horror she found herself all alone and not more than six feet from the snake, which the cook had proclaimed to be a cobra. She dare not attack or move, so stood awaiting developments, when the snake crawled up close to the wall and under the edge of the bamboo mat which was a little bulged up. She then sprang upon the mat and tramped in excited fury for a little time, and to feel the thing writhing under her feet, supposing it to be a cobra, was a rather grizzly experience. After tramping it some, it managed to crawl out again, but so badly hurt that it was not much use for fighting, and as others had gathered with sticks by this time the excitement came to an end. But the nervous shock lasted for two or three days afterwards. When I received a letter from home, a few days later, on tour, this made rather interesting reading. Coming home from that tour one of the same kind of snakes ran into the canal ahead of the boat.

Just now as I am writing on the boat on tour, one of the coolies who are pulling the boat is killing a cobra, which he now holds up on his stick for me to see. Thus while we are in life we are in the midst of death.

We must keep a dim light burning all night in the bed-room, so that we can see the floor and what may be on it, in case one must rise. To put the foot down where one cannot see the floor is to make the hair rise on one's head.

We have had no very recent exciting experiences with carpet snakes, though we have had some sufficiently so, as when one evening one fell from the bottom of the study table drawer into Mrs. Chute's lap, and she, thinking it was her keys, was about to pick it up without looking, when she discovered what it was. And again when I was going up the stair leading to the top of the house, put my hand on one coiled around the railing. A servant had had the same experience the year before.

The Akidu compound has a good many trees in it, and on its boundary is a row of palm trees for a kind of hedge. These encourage the snakes to come, I am inclined to think. There is no wall around the compound, the only one in the mission so conditioned. A wall helps to keep the snakes out. If funds were sufficient we would be glad of a wall instead of a hedge of toddy palm trees which invites rather than repels the snakes. Besides, this toddy tree hedge is no use to stop all sorts of cattle that range the compound day and night.

There is no such a thing as a fence, in the American sense of that word, in India. There is no timber for such a purpose.

Two of our Christians have been killed by snakes this year. But we are not nervous over these dangers, knowing the Protector of our lives will keep us till our work is done. That old serpent, the Devil, is worse than all these reptiles combined. Pray for us in all our dangers from both.

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Mildred's Guest.

(By Harold Farrington, in 'Wellspring.')

Mildren Colton stood in the narrow hall window watching her mother as she stooped and slowly gathered up, one by one, the clothes that had been placed to dry on the closely cropped grass early that morning, before Mildred was awake.

The currant bushes by the fence in the yard seemed to nudge one another knowingly, while their leaves gossiped in surprise over the slow, languid movements of Mrs. Colton.

'It's but a short time that I've been away,' mused Mildred, reflectively, 'not quite a year, but she doesn't seem the same woman she was before I went to visit Aunt Mary—only that she's the same patient, loving mother; she wouldn't ever change in that respect, mother wouldn't'; and Mildred hurried down the stairs, out into the yard, and with her strong hands caught up the basket' full of clean, white garments, and started on a run toward the side veranda. 'Stump you to catch me, mother mine!' she called.

She set down the basket, breathlessly, on the wooden steps, and waited for Mrs. Colton to come up.

'I'm not so spry as I once was, Mildred, or I'd have taken the stump. Somehow, lately—you can't tell, Mildred,' she broke off, abruptly, 'how much good it does me to have you round again!'

'But what were you going to say? Confess;' demanded Mildred, gently drawing her mother down on the step beside her.

'Oh, nothing.'

Yes, it was something, too! No secrets! Don't you recall how we made an agreement once—or, rather, I did, and you consented—out under the greening tree? It was when I had climbed into the tree to feed the little robins, and had torn my dress. I was trying to hide the tear with my apron when you came out. But you saw it, and then we agreed always to tell each other everything.'

'As I said, dear, it was really nothing, only I feel—well, sometimes I have dizzy spells. I guess it's because I'm tired after the spring cleaning; I'll get over it in a little while.'

Mildred looked anxiously into her mother's face. 'Now that I——'

'Have you got your trunk unpacked?' hurriedly interrupted Mrs. Colton, in order to change the subject. 'You know somehow I can't make myself realize that you've come home to stay, and will not until your things are hung up, and the trunk's in the attic, once more.'

'I was just finishing unpacking when I saw you taking in the clothes. I'll go right up, and then, little mother, you may just inform Mrs. Henry D. Colton that her daughter's got home to stay; that she isn't going off for a year again, and leave her with oceans of work to do.'

Mrs. Colton only partially succeeded in suppressing the 'thank look,' as Mildred used to call it, that crept into her face; it couldn't be wholly shut out, even if she did regard it as thoughtlessly selfish.

'Well, what you going to do?' Her chum's picture on the bureau seemed to ask the question, as Mildred sat down on the floor to meditate.

'Something; I don't know what. That's the thing to be decided. I wonder if I could do it!' she exclaimed, as by sudden inspiration.

She turned quickly to the picture. 'This I can tell you, I've decided so much! I've changed my mind about inviting you here this summer, as I'd planned. Instead of you, I'm going—. Can't tell any more now. I've got to hurry and get unpacked, so as to go down and help mother;' and a look of secret expectancy took possession of Mildred's face.

'You're going to help in my plan,' she said, laying aside a large gingham apron that she had worn in the studio while at Aunt Mary's. 'I'll not hang you up;' this time it was a dark calico dress she had taken away from home, but which had hung for nearly a year on a closet hook in her aunt's city home, waiting in vain to be used.

'I'll not have any need of you,' and in another pile she placed a thin evening dress. 'Nor you, nor you, nor you,' and the useless pile grew perceptibly larger.

'There!' when the floor was cleared once more; 'now I'm ready to begin preparations. I hope all she needs is rest. Don't you tell, you ginghams and calicoes, what we're going to do! We'll keep it secret, not even telling father and the boys.'

The next morning Mildred opened the blinds and aired out the parlor chamber.

'Going to have company?' asked Ralph, inquisitively, noticing the raised windows.

'Sometime, I imagine,' was Mildred's evasive answer. 'It's always well to be prepared.'

That afternoon Mildred drove with her father to the village. Her errand was to get some stamped linen and embroidery silk.

'She has always been fond of needle work, but in late years her tastes have had little chance of being gratified,' thought Mildred, as she entered the one store in the village where fancy goods were sold.

'I know these will please her,' thought Mildred, as she selected the delicate materials. 'They'll bring back the old delight she took in such things, before the work grew so heavy.'

'Your mother's just about worn out; I almost wish I'd got her a tonic,' said Mr. Colton, abruptly, as they drove toward home. 'I wish, now you've got back, we could induce her to go away for a spell. She hasn't been away from home over night for nineteen years; not since your grandmother died. It hasn't been my fault,' apologetically, 'for I've done my best; but she just will not go!'

Unmindful of her promise to the ginghams and calicoes, Mildred confided to her father the plan she had determined upon while unpacking and putting away her things.

'It seems just as though some one was coming,' thought Mrs. Colton, as she peeped into the spare room, which Mildred had so tastefully arranged. She was on an errand upstairs, and had to stop a moment to get her breath.

'I hope no one will come, though, till I feel better'n I do now." She closed the door, softly. 'I'd like to stay in there a week and just rest!'

'Don't be in a hurry to get back, father,' cautioned Mildred, meaningly, the next day after dinner. 'Keep mother out just as long as you can.'

As soon as they had driven away, Mildred ran upstairs to add the finishing touches to the parlor chamber. She drew in the easy couch from her own room and threw over it a gay covering. On the table by the window she placed her set of George

Eliot's works, a birthday present from Uncle Charles.

'Mother's always wanted to read George Eliot's other books since she read Adam Bede. Now, mother mine, you're going to have a chance.'

In a dainty workbasket she placed the stamped linen, and with it the bright colored silks. 'They will rest her,' she thought, eagerly.

On a little stand by the couch were laid the last numbers of three of the current magazines, and beside them a box of delicious chocolates, the contribution of Ralph and Eugene.

Mildred stepped back, flushed and happy, and viewed the room. 'There, I mustn't forget the pillow for the couch, and the hassock!'

Mildred was at the door when her father drove up. 'Just come right upstairs, mother,' she said, her voice slightly betraying her excitement, as soon as Mrs. Colton had laid aside her wraps.

'Is anything the matter or anybody here?' she asked, wearily.

'Nothing the matter, but I've a guest here,' and Mrs. Colton wonderingly followed Mildred up the front stairs.

'Oh!' was her little cry of delight, as she saw the evidences of comfort scattered about in the spare room. 'But where's your guest, Mildred?' she asked, looking round. 'Who is it?'

'There, where you're standing—the best little woman in all the world—you! You're just to stay here and be my guest, and rest, and read, and embroider, and have no particle of care until your long visit's over. Now I want you to take a nice refreshing nap, and when supper is ready I'll call you. I'll have to leave you for the present,' and she softly closed the door before her mother could recover from her surprise or make even the slightest remonstrance.

When Mildred went up, two hours later, to call her mother to supper she had just awakened from her nap, the first one she had taken in the daytime since she could remember.

'I feel refreshed already, Mildred,' she said.

'This is just the beginning of a long, long visit, mother mine,' replied Mildred, gladly; 'and the roses will be again in bloom,' touching her mother's cheek, tenderly, 'when the visit's over.'

Margaret's Dream.

(Elizabeth Wilson Smith, in 'Herald and Presbyter.')

She threw herself on the couch and pressed her fingers over her burning, aching eyeballs. The tears trickled down her face unnoticed and fell on the pillow. A moan came from the room beyond. She started up suddenly, but lay down again. For days she had watched by her father's bedside, but to-night the doctor had sent her away to rest. The nurse could do all that was necessary. Besides, the father was unconscious, and now the children needed her more than the father did.

'Mother! mother!' she moaned, 'Why did you leave me? I need you so much, and now if father goes too—'

She could not pray; she could not even think. She could only murmur, 'Oh, Father in heaven, help, help!'

Throb, throb, through her temples the heartbeats sent the blood, like a mighty engine, and every throb seemed to say, 'Help! help! help!'

Suddenly a voice said, 'Come.' She opened her eyes to see the room filled with a strange, bright light. Beside her was the most beautiful creature she had ever seen. Unable to refuse, had she been so minded, she arose and went.

They passed out into the moonless starlight and then, up, up. She asked no questions, for she was afraid. They saw many creatures like the one who was leading her. Many were alone and they were all going down. Others were leading human creatures and they were taking the upward course. Many were carrying little children, who seemed perfectly happy and content.

Afar off was a light which multiplied into many and of various hues, as they journeyed on. Strains of sweetest music floated to them from time to time. As they drew nearer, buildings, beautiful and dazzling with brightness, could be seen. Beautiful streets and green trees, beautiful streams, clear as crystal, little children playing and flowers everywhere!

The guide stopped on the bank of the first stream and let others pass them while she gazed at the beautiful scene before her, spellbound.

'Is this heaven?' she whispered, 'and is my mother there?'

'Yes, beyond the second stream among those trees is your home. Your mother is there. Shall we go on?'

Oh, the joy of being so near the eternity of rest! No more pain, no more sorrow! Nothing but rest and peace! She recalled what her mother had said. She seemed to hear the words distinctly spoken:

'Margaret, my daughter, while I long for heaven I sorrow to leave my dear ones. I know you well enough to feel that I need not tell you to be true to your trust. I realize how many doubts and discouragements will come to you, darling, as the days go by and you try to be a companion to your father and a mother to your brothers and sisters. It will be only as you look up to your heavenly Father for strength that you will be able to fill mother's place.'

She had given up a college course, and for three years had bravely carried on the work instrusted to her. It was only under this last blow of her father's serious illness that she had staggered and had almost given up.

'Look!' said the guide, and she saw a figure coming toward them. It stopped on the other side of the stream. Then Margaret saw it was her mother.

'Oh, mother, mother,' she called, 'I am so tired. I want to come to you.' But the mother smiled and shook her head.

'Think,' said the guide, smiling sadly, 'of your father and the little children, left with no one to care for them. True, it may be years before release is again offered you. Will you willingly return to earth and take up your burdens, or will you cross the river and remain here? For if you once pass over you cannot return!'

She looked at her mother. A beautiful smile rested on her face, as though she trusted her daughter to do right. A deep peace fell on Margaret as she gazed at her mother's radiant countenance.

'Take me back,' she said to the guide. 'I cannot leave them to suffer alone.' So down—down—down, they came. Once she looked back. Her mother still stood there smiling, and then passed out of sight.

The first faint streaks of dawn were showing when she awoke. She arose and went into the sick-room. Her father lay peacefully sleeping.

'The doctor has just gone,' the nurse told her. 'The crisis is past, and your father will live.'

One day, weeks afterward, when he was almost well, and she was sitting beside him, he said: 'Margaret, my child, you are growing more like your mother every day. I do not see how you stood the strain through that trying time.'

It was then she told him her dream, and the strength she had gained from it. He stroked her bright hair and his eyes filled with tears as he said: 'It seems to me like prevision, my dear.'

Love is All.

(Henry Van Dyke.)

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel that can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 6, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Settlement in South Africa—By a British Officer and J.P., Orange River Colony, in the 'Manchester Guardian.'
The Political Situation in England after Salisbury—By W. T. Stead, in the 'American Monthly Review of Reviews.'
The American Invasion—'The Speaker,' London.
East End Eviction—By Edwin Pugh, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
A Frenchman on Cricket—By Henri de Noussanne, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Wise Thoughts—'The Athenæum,' London.
A Remarkable Economist: Henry Dunning Macleod—'The Speaker,' London.
The Philippine Question and the Vatican—By Salvatore Corleai, in the 'Pilot,' London.
'Independence' uttered at Manila—New York 'Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Antonio Stradivari—'The Standard,' London.
Charles Santley—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Antokolsky, Vibert and Detaille—'The Literary Digest.'
Campanile of St. Mark's—Rumors as to the Rebuilding—The 'Westminster Budget.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Rose Miracle—Poem, by J. H. Fowler, in 'The Pilot,' London.
There's a Wind a-Blowing—Poem, by John Masefield, in 'The Speaker,' London.
An Afternoon with Tennyson—Condensed from 'Temple Bar.'
The Lean Years of Literature—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Wanted, a Style for the Times—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Tempest—From 'An Author at Grass,' in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
The Short Story—'The Times,' London.
The Husband of Portia—'The Pilot,' London.
Mr. Herbert Spencer's Apologia—'The Pilot,' London.
Our Debt to Gilbert White—'The Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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The Broken Pledge.

(By Florence Moore, in 'Illustrated Temperance Monthly.')

CHAPTER I.

Little Nan's father was a drunkard. He had not always been so. Nan could remember, when he was pleasant and bright, how she would climb on his knee while he said, 'What am I to bring you from market next time I go?' And Nan would reply, 'A white rabbit, please, father.'

And father had been more than true to his promise, bringing back the loveliest pair of bunnies that could be seen.

Then Nan would be up early, filling her basket with dandelion for her pets, coming in to breakfast with roses on her cheeks.

After her basin of bread and milk had been despatched, mother would start her for school, and father would wave his hand from Dobbin, as he rode away to the crops.

All was changed now—mother never sang over her dairy work, and sometimes on market day, Nan had seen tears in her eyes.

Nan guessed why mother cried then. Father was often very late home; she had been woke up more than once by his step, and hearing him use loud strange words downstairs.

Other days, too, he was cross and surly, and the laborers grew idle, and the farm looked neglected.

One memorable day, Mr. Slater entered the house shouting, horsewhip in hand. Nan was fondling a kitten on the hearth, which her mother had given her leave to keep.

'What brute are you wasting good food on there? exclaimed Mr. Slater, angrily.

'A little kitten, father, that has got no home,' said Nan, timidly.

'Throw it out of doors, or stay—'I'l fling it in the brook.'

'Oh, father—don't,' screamed Nan.

But Mr. Slater was raging drunk, and the sight of his innocent child irritated him. Conscience was not quite dead; he knew his slavery to drink was ruining the farm. Only that week he had signed a paper to raise money—which if not paid back soon, would mean beggary.

He had drunk heavily to drown thought, and the liquor had flown to his brain.

'Give me the kitten this minute,' he roared, cracking his whip.

The noise frightened Nan, causing her to let fall her pinafore, and the kitten to make good its escape. But Mr. Slater raised his whip to strike the tiny creature, and knowing the blow meant death, Nan ran forward to protect it.

Alas! the cruel lash descended on her tiny wrist, and the blood flowed in a crimson stream. Mrs. Slater, busy in the dairy, came running fast, as she heard Nan's moans.

'What have you done, Robert?' she inquired, sternly, as she laid Nan on the sofa.

'It was accidental—I declare,' he

said, shamefacedly. 'I wouldn't have hurt a hair of her head.'

'Fetch water, quick; I've stopped the bleeding, but she's faint.'

But Mr. Slater had relapsed into semi-intoxication, so the mother had to run herself for the cold spring water, which soon revived little Nan.

The mother took the little hand, and a few hot tears dropped on the cruel wound.

'Don't cry, mother,' whispered Nan; 'it doesn't hurt now.'

'Oh, this drink!' sobbed Mrs. Slater. 'Nan! this drink is breaking my heart.'

'Poor mother,' said Nan, tenderly, 'it is bad for you. How I wish father would give it up!'

'I wish he would, but the drink has got such a hold now. It all began when he went in for rearing horses; the farmers stand treat so over bargains. It's a dreadful custom that standing treat, and the farm, it's going to ruin. I oughtn't to talk like this, Nan, but my heart is full to-night. And father is so kind at bottom.'

'Don't fret, mother, things may be better soon,' said litle Nan, softly.

CHAPTER II.

For some time after Nan's acciden, Mr. Slater kept sober. He was shocked at having caused his little daughter suffering.

But by degrees, as winter drew on, and wet days prevented outdoor work, the old craving returned, and he drank hard, though he was never harsh now to little Nan.

His wife grew paler and thinner, and had it not been for Nan, would have lost heart altogether.

One day Nan came running in from school, saying:—

'Mother, may I join the Band of Hope?'

'Whatever's that?' inquired Mrs. Slater. Leading a quiet life, she knew little of the good agencies existing in the world.

'It's so nice, mother. It's a society for boys and girls—they sign the pledge not to take any drink. Mr. Pratt says if we sign now, we shall never care for the drink when we grow up. Once a month we are to have an entertainment for fathers and mothers and friends, and songs and recitations. Mr. Pratt wants me to say "Mary had a little lamb." Do let me join, mother.'

'What's that about "Mary and her little lamb?"' said Mr. Slater, coming in for tea.

He was in good temper, so when Nan renewed her request, he said, 'Yes, Nancy, you may join, though I can't promise to go, but I'll take a ticket for mother.'

Nan thanked her father, but there was a little cloud on her brow. She was longing for him to accompany her.

And Mr. Slater felt half sorry he had declined, when next week he saw Nan and her mother ready to start. He thought Nan looked very pretty in her Sunday frock, with a bunch of chrysanthemums pinned in it. She was a fragile little thing, and his wife delicate.

Fancy those two being turned out into the world to beg their bread—and they might be ere long! Drink was wrecking his health, as well as emptying his pocket. He could not bear the idea, and as soon as they had gone, fetched out the whiskey bottle.

Mrs. Slater was delighted with the entertainment. 'Mary had a

little lamb' was much applauded; then there were pleasing anecdotes, and nice cookery recipes for making temperance drinks and savory dishes, some of which she resolved to try. Then Nan signed her name, and received a pink card of membership, bearing the text, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

Home they went, full of telling father of the happy evening they had spent.

But, alas! they found him in a drunken stupor—the whiskey bottle telling its own tale.

That winter Nan enjoyed greatly—it was pleasant preparing for the entertainments. She heard stories too about money saved, and homes made happier. She would repeat these, and her father would listen, and ask her for them again and again.

His little child was leading him.

CHAPTER III.

Summer came, and for a time the Band of Hope was almost forgotten.

The Vicar, Mr. Pratt, had said he should try and plan an excursion for the members in August, but it was July now, and he was out for a much-needed holiday. Nan was in the hay field all day, plucking wild roses, and playing among the hay cocks.

It was a very hot day, and black clouds on the horizon made Mr. Slater anxious. To hurry the men on, he had tapped a barrel of cider, and was dispensing it freely.

'Father, are you coming home to tea now? I'm so thirsty,' said Nan.

'Not yet, I'm far too busy. Here child,' and he held out a glass of cider.

Nan drank it off, and then flushed red. She had broken her pledge! But no one need ever know, not mother or Mr. Pratt. She would be ashamed to have to return her card. Oh, no! she must keep it all secret.

Mrs. Slater thought Nan unusually quiet when she came in, and thinking she was over tired, advised her to go to bed.

Nan was only too thankful to go. She could not bear to think that she ought to tell Mr. Pratt what she had done, even though she had taken the cider quite by accident.

Somehow she did not care to open her Bible that night as usual. The little pink card of membership lay there, and she remembered the text on it very well—'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

But she did not pray for strength to do the right thing, and that was, to tell her mother that very night, and Mr. Pratt, too, as soon as he returned home.

Time went on. It became much harder to think of telling. Nan grew pale, and she could not bear to meet Mr. Pratt's smile.

The Vicar soon noticed the change in his little favorite, and determined to call soon at the farm, and have a friendly talk with Nan.

(To be continued.)

What Happened to Tommy.

Tommy O'Ru was a dear little tabby kitten. His grandmamma had such nice long fur, but then she had Persian ancestors.

We hoped that Tommy's fur would be long, but it wasn't, neither was his mother's.

His mother's name was Mrs. Ru-ru, and she was all black, except that her paws were white, just as if she had stepped into a dish of whitewash, and had never cleaned it off.

She was very proud of her little boy, and used to teach him such funny little games.

The box that they slept in was in the bathroom, at the end of the back verandah.

Just at first Mrs. Ru-ru was a bit afraid when Dubbie, the little dog, called to see her little son, but as he didn't seem disagreeable and want to bite Tommy, she allowed him to come when he liked.

After a while Tommy's eyes opened, and he began to walk about in the box. Wasn't his mother proud? But when he climbed over the side and wandered away a wee bit, she was very anxious, and would lie in the box and call him.

Often he pretended he didn't hear, that is, unless he was hungry, then he ran to her as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Sometimes the more she called him the farther he went, and she had to go out and take his neck in her mouth—oh, so gently! — and carry him home to the box.

Now Tommy was like some little boys that we all know; he would not wash himself, and he did not like to be washed. His mother used to have to hold him down with one paw while she thoroughly cleaned his ears. He would struggle and kick, and sometimes he got away. Then he would peep around the corner, and laugh so funnily his mother had to turn away smiling, and pretend not to see him. After a time he would come back and pretend to bite his mother's tail very hard, but this was just to let her catch him, and so finish washing him.

He was very obedient as a rule, but there was one thing he would do against his mother's wish, and that was, sleep in the lucerne patch (a long plant grown for cattle feed).

'Now, Tommy,' she said, 'I've told you not to go to sleep in the lucerne plot, and—'

'But mother, there are such nice little places, and the lucerne comes up all around, and it's so snug, and yet one gets plenty of fresh air——'

'Yes; but, my son, sometimes the gate is left open, and strange dogs come in, and what would mother do if one hurt her little boy? You climb up among the vines with me; it's grand up there, and much nearer the birds; perhaps we'll get one for dinner.'

Tommy didn't follow his mother; he played about a bit. Once he chased a bee, and would have got stung, only Dubbie jumped into the air and killed it with one snap, saying to himself; 'Silly kitten! perhaps I should have let it sting him; nothing teaches like experience, as I know to my sorrow. However, we'll see next time.' Then he lay down again in the sun, and went to sleep.

After Tommy had become tired climbing up and down some poles close by, and playing circus among the vines, he just lay down for a minute in the lucerne, and before he knew it, he was fast asleep.

* * * * * *

'Have you any olive oil?' said the kind man who had picked him up.

I ran and fetched the bottle and poured some on poor little Tommy's thigh.

While he had been asleep Mr. Jones came to mow down the lucerne, and not seeing Tommy, cut a piece right off his thigh with the scythe.

We could not bind up poor Tommy's leg—it was so badly injured—and so that night he was buried at the bottom of the garden.

—'Australian Spectator.'

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 28.

Review

Read Deuteronomy viii., 1-20, and the Lessons for the Quarter.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God.'—Deuteronomy viii., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 22.—Exod. xvi., 1-15.
Tuesday, Sept. 23.—Exod. xx., 1-17.
Wednesday, Sept. 24.—Exod. xxxii., 7-24.
Thursday, Sept. 25.—Exod. xl., 17-38.
Friday, Sept. 26.—Num. x., 11-13, 29-36.
Saturday, Sept. 27.—Num. xiii., 25-14; 4.
Sunday, Sept. 28.—Num. xxi., 1-9.

Questions.

LESSON I.—Exodus xvi., 4-15.

1. Against whom did the children of Israel murmur or complain? Is it right to complain or grumble about Providence?
2. How did God tenderly answer them?
3. What bread did the Lord Jehovah give to his people in the wilderness?
4. Of whom was this a type? (John vi., 48-51.)

LESSON II.—Exodus xx., 1-11.

1. What is the first commandment? What is its practical application to our lives?
2. What special things are we liable to worship in the place of God?
3. Why is it wrong to bow down before images or pictures?
4. How does God treat those who love him and keep his commandments?
5. What is the third commandment? How do people break it?
6. To whom does the Sabbath day belong? Whom do we grieve when we break it? Has God given any special promises to those who keep his day holy? Isaiah lvi., 2; lviii., 13, 14.)

LESSON III.—Exodus xx., 12-17.

1. What is the first commandment with a promise attached? In what ways can we best keep this commandment?
2. Is the outward observance of the commandments as important as the keeping of them in our hearts?
3. Would it be possible for us to keep all the commandments in spirit and in truth without the power of God to keep us?
4. Is there any one of us who has never broken these commandments? (Romans iii., 10, 23; James ii., 10.) Who took upon himself the guilt of us all? (1. Peter ii., 24.)
5. How can we be saved from sin? (John i., 29; Acts xvi., 31.)

LESSON IV.—Exodus xxxii., 1-6, 30-35.

1. What commandment did the Israelites break while Moses was up in the Mount with God?
2. Who helped them? Was not this the very man who should have steadfastly helped them to obey God? When we see people doing wrong, should we help them in their wrongdoing? To whom are we all responsible?
3. What did Moses say to the people when he saw what they had done?
4. How did Moses pray for the people? Should we pray earnestly for those who do wrong, that they might be forgiven and restored?

LESSON V.—Exodus xl., 1-13.

1. What furniture did the Tabernacle contain?
2. Of whom was the Tabernacle a type?

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Nor wash away the stain.
But Christ the Heavenly Lamb
Takes all our guilt away:
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

LESSON VI.—Leviticus x., 1-11.

1. Who were Nadab and Abihu?
2. What sin did they commit? How did God punish them?
3. What was it that had probably made them so stupid and careless of God's wishes?
4. What commandment did God give to Aaron about wine and strong drink?
5. What do you think God wants you to do about this question?

LESSON VII.—Numbers x., 11-13, 29-36.

1. When did the Israelites leave Mount Sinai?
2. How did they know when and where to go?
3. What invitation did Moses give to Hobab?
4. What did Moses say whenever the ark set forth leading the people? What did he say when it rested?

He leadeth me, O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught:
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

LESSON VIII.—Numbers xiii., 26, to xiv., 4.

1. How many men were sent up to see what the Promised Land was like?
2. How many brought back a good report?
3. How many were cowards?
4. Which did the people follow?
5. When God had told the Israelites to go and take possession of the land, should they not have obeyed, trusting in him for the power?
6. Should we allow doubts and fears to keep us from obeying God?

LESSON IX.—Numbers xxi., 1-9.

1. For what sin did God have to punish the Israelites with serpents?
2. Did they repent? What did Moses do about it?
3. What did the Lord Jehovah tell Moses to do?
4. Did the Israelites have to do any great work to be saved from the fiery serpents?
5. What did they have to do? Could they have been saved in any other way than by obeying God?
6. Of whom was the brazen serpent typical?

LESSON X.—Deuteronomy xviii., 9-19.

1. Does God want us to obey him, or to be like the careless people around us?
2. To whom is each one of us responsible?
3. What does this lesson teach about clairvoyants, spiritualists, mediums, theosophists, etc.?
4. What promise of the Messiah is given in this lesson?

LESSON XI.—Deuteronomy xxx., 11-20.

1. Has God made it impossible for us to know his will? Where will he reveal it to us?
2. Does the Lord God compel us to be good, or does he allow us a free choice?
3. What does he want us to choose? (Give answers as far as possible in the words of the lesson.)

LESSON XII.—Deuteronomy xxxiv., 1-12.

1. From the top of what mountain did the Lord shew Moses the Promised Land?
2. Why was Moses not allowed to enter the land? (Deut. xxxii., 48-52.)
3. How old was Moses when he died?
4. Whom did the Lord give to the people as a leader instead of Moses?

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 28.—Topic—Missions: missionary heroes 'Cheerful amid adversity,' Acts xxvii., 22-36.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL YEAR.

Monday, Sept. 22.—Be diligent. Prov. xiv., 23.

Tuesday, Sept. 23.—Be truthful. Ps. cxix., 30.

Wednesday, Sept. 24. — Be obedient. Prov. xiii., 13.

Thursday, Sept. 25.—Be cheerful. Prov. xvii., 22.

Friday, Sept. 26.—Be persevering. Job xvii., 9.

Saturday, Sept. 27.—Be friendly. Prov. xviii., 24.

Sunday, Sept. 28.—Topic—A successful school year: how to get it. 2 Tim. ii., 15.

Reasons for Pledge-Signing.

(John Hilton, in 'The Temperance Times.')

The late venerable and eminent supporter of the Temperance movement, Canon Ellison, of Windsor, a truly holy man, was led to sign the pledge through becoming acquainted with the circumstances of the murder of a child by its drunken father.

Another clergyman of influence and ability whom I knew well, and who was decidedly unfavorable to abstinence, met a parishioner under the influence of drink, and, as was most proper, remonstrated with the poor fellow on his conduct. The man, half stupid as he was, turned round on the clergyman and said: 'I don't drink as much as you do.' It was a bow drawn at a venture, but the arrow struck home. Could it be possible that the good minister, everywhere esteemed, drank more than his tipsy parishioner? The vicar made an honest investigation, asked what the man drank, then reckoned up his own—wine, ale, and a little spirits—when he had to own the soft impeachments, and soon put an end to the incongruity by signing the pledge. He has since taken the chair for me on several occasions.

I knew a minister of the Society of Friends, wealthy, highly gifted and influential, who, on leaving England for religious work in Australia and Africa, asked his friends not to put any Temperance tracts with his belongings; but they were wiser than he, for at a meeting of Hottentots he was so much impressed with the blessings abstinence had brought among his poor colored brothers, that he signed the pledge among them, was glad of the tracts, and remained a good Temperance man.

I knew the parents of a little boy, who, when paying a visit to his grandmother, saw her take a glass of beer. He stared with astonishment and exclaimed: 'Why, grandmother, I thought you were good!' On taking the little fellow home the old lady told her daughter, his mother, the story, and said: 'I'm sure I will not forfeit his good opinion for the little I take,' and signed the pledge. She remained faithful unto death.

I knew an intemperate builder whose conduct caused great anxiety to his pious wife. I made efforts to save him, and a neighbor assured me that it was utterly useless to try as he was a man of weak intellect. But a circumstance occurred which had the desired effect.

One Sunday morning he took one of his little girls for a walk, and on their return the dear little girl in plaintive voice said to her mother: 'Father's been in three public-houses this morning.' I suppose as a bone fide traveller. This so affected him that he went and signed the pledge. A mighty change took place. The feebleness of his mind departed, his business prospered, and he became a kind, tender husband.

A railway station-master told me that he once found himself unfit for duty through drink, and was appalled at the possible consequences. He went off home determined to drink no more, but did not intend to sign the pledge. He, however, became haunted by a voice like a human voice saying loudly in his ear, 'Sign the pledge.' If he crossed the road he heard it, whatever he did he could not escape from it till he signed the pledge

Correspondence

Avondale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have just begun to take the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy read the letters very much. I am ten years old; my birthday is on June 24, and if any little girl that takes the 'Messenger' has her birthday on the same date, I wish she would write. We have a little farm. I have no pets. My mamma's little brother is here; his name is Bennie Wallace.

JENNIE LAURA B.

Avondale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. My papa has one cat and she has four kittens. We live on the bank of Little Presqu'ile River, and there is a grove of maple trees in front of our house. My papa has a store and a cheese factory. I have two sisters. I hope you will put this letter in the 'Messenger.'

FLORENCE N. B.

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters every week, and, as I do not often see one from Ottawa, I thought I would write one. I have not been away during my holidays, but I often go out to Britannia. The electric railway runs seven large cars out, and one is the Royal car, which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall travelled in. I have been in it twice, and it is a very fine car. I sometimes go out to Aylmer, too. The park is about eleven miles from the city. A boat, called the 'G. B. Greene,' goes three times a week from Aylmer to the Chats Falls. I took the trip once and I enjoyed it very much. There is a merry-go-round at Aylmer and also a water-chute.

WILLIE K. (age 10.)

Adler, N.D.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to the 'Messenger' for a long time, I thought it was about time to write again. I have taken this good little paper for three years and mamma took it for two years before I did. The other day I was looking over the list of names whose letters were too uninteresting to print, and, imagine my surprise to find my own name there. It is a mystery to me how it got there. Either there is a girl in the United States or Canada whose name is the same as mine, or else my school-mate wrote a letter and signed my name. I am very fond of reading, as, I suppose, a great many readers of this paper are. I have a number of books of my own which I have read through, times without number. Among them are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The 'Basket of Flowers,' 'Our Bessie,' 'Averil,' 'Esther,' 'Merle's Crusade,' 'Mosses From an Old Manse,' 'Grandfather's Chair,' 'Making Home Happy,' 'Story of a Short Life,' and others. I have two brothers, named Wilford and George, and a dear little sister, Hazel, also a father and mother. We live on a farm nine miles from the nearest town. Some men are putting a telephone line past our place. They have been working at it for very near a week. It improves the look of the country a great deal. I can ride horseback and a bicycle, too. I used to have a pony, but papa sold him. I am in the seventh grade in school. I was promoted to the eighth year, but went back to review the seventh. I have taken five music lessons.

NELLIE E. BISS (aged 12).

Pierson, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and four brothers. My birthday is the 6th of June. I am eight years old. I was in the Province of Quebec two years ago. I was on the St. Lawrence River. My father is a doctor. I go to Sunday school. I have lived in Manitoba all my life.

HELEN B. M.

Oakwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before and saw my letter in print. I like to read the correspondence. I got the nice Bagster Bible which you gave me for getting four new subscribers to the 'Messenger.' It is a real nice one. I hope the other little folks that got one are as well pleased as I am. My brothers and I once had a pet pigeon each, but one morning I found one of them dead, and then the others flew away. We have got a nice pet cat now, and lots of chickens. I am glad to hear that there are missionaries trying to Christianize the Chinese. May the time soon come when they will all learn to worship the true God.

A. B. N. (Aged 11.)

Pierson, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to your paper. I have just got a letter from auntie saying they have got the smallpox in uncle's hotel. My friend Ella is writing to you. I am ten years old and in the third reader. My teacher is very nice, and I like her very much. I have got a kitten.

ISABEL M.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one letter from here, from a little friend of mine who has written before. I am a member of the King's Daughters' Society. We send girls to take flowers to the wards in the hospital, and sew regularly at our meetings, and have a sale at the end of the term. My two little sisters have just returned from Montreal where they have been spending a part of the vacation. As I see a good many stories written I thought I would like to tell about one that I hope will prove interesting. One time in the winter my grandfather, father and uncles were at breakfast. The window opened on a slope used as pasture land in summer, with a brook running at the foot. They were hardly finished breakfasting when suddenly my father exclaimed: 'There goes a fox!' Looking out of the window they saw a full-grown fox just crossing the brook with a large marrow-bone in his mouth. My father snatched up an old gun and started in pursuit. There were a few bushes in the field and my father crept along behind these bushes until he suddenly came upon the fox eating the bone in the snow. My father aimed and shot the fox, but as he was young, he waited for a while to be sure the fox was not going to feign death. He at last crept up and slung the fox over his shoulder, and a prouder boy there never was. He sold it to a man who stuffed it, but a dog tore it to pieces beyond repair.

BESSIE M. (Aged 13.)

(A very good letter.—Editor.)

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—Although I have read the 'Messenger' for almost three years I never before wrote a letter to it. We live in a very pretty town, and, although sometimes I wish I was some place else, I am sure if I really was obliged to go, I would feel very badly indeed.

I am going to tell you about a picnic some of my friends and I went to. It was on a Saturday about eight o'clock in the morning, that my four friends and myself started out. We agreed to go across the river, so we all got into the boat that is chained to the ferry, and went across the Saskatchewan, and when we arrived at the opposite side we discovered that we had left out lunch baskets at the other side. We told the ferry-man and he took us over again to get them. When we were all across the river the second time the pleasure-seekers went up the river a piece and took off both their boots and stockings and started to wade. At five o'clock in the evening we were all very tired and hungry (for we had eaten all the lunch before) and rather pleased to reach home.

'PRAIRIE ROSE.'

Port Daniel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer; we live near the seashore in summer; the men go fishing for lobsters and codfish. It is a good harbour for vessels in stormy weather. I have no pets but a big doll my sister brought me from Montreal. I have two brothers, one of them is in Minnesota. I go to school every day; our teacher is Miss Winnie Almond; she is a nice teacher.

NETTIE S. (Age 10.)

Mountain Grove.

Dear Editor,—I have seen no letters from Mountain Grove, so thought I would write, even if my letter finds the waste basket. We live on the shore of a lake, and in the summer the blackbirds build around; they are quite tame, and do not seem to mind us a bit; there are some very pretty birds with red wings. One day, mother was out in the yard, and there were two blackbirds picking quite close. A pet kitten, that had followed her out, caught one by the wing; the mate flew at the kitten. When he saw he could not rescue it, he flew high in the air, and uttered three shrill calls. In about five minutes the yard was black with birds; they came from north, south, east and west. Can any of the boys or girls that write tell me how they knew where to fly to, for the birds flew down in the grass. As soon as he called the other bird got away from the cat. Mother had to take the kitten and run, as the birds would have killed it; they would fly right at it, and it in her arm. A few days after the kitten disappeared, and we never saw it after. We think the blackbirds killed it.

JAMES R. B. (Aged 10.)

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter from Springfield I thought I would write one. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year and like it very much, esecially the correspondence. I live on a farm. We have seventeen cattle, six pigs, two horses, fifteen sheep and eleven lambs. I have one brother and one sister. My sister received a Bagster Bible. I go to school; the school-house is over a mile away; it is about in the centre of the settlement. Our church is about a half mile away; it is on a high hill. Springfield is quite a large place; there are thirty-three houses in Springfield, one store and two blacksmith shops. My father is a blacksmith. There are one hundred and thirty-three people in Springfield. For pets I have a cat and a dog. My cat's name is Tom and the dog's name is Victor. My birthday is on Jan. 10.

J. E. T. (Aged 13.)

Dryden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been looking through the 'Messenger' at the correspondence and I see there has not been a word from Dryden. I have two brothers. Dryden is not a very big place as yet. I live in the country in the township of Watuwright. I go to school. It is called by name, Cairnbrogie. My teacher's name is Miss Parker. I like her very well. My brothers name are Roy and Minno. We have a span of horses, Prince and Charlie. We have seven head of cattle, three dogs, one cat, sixty hens, ninety chickens. I took the 'Messenger' in the Band of Hope and I like to read it to see where the correspondence is from. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on April 10.

GEORGE PERCY S.

Pierson, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have intended to write a letter to the 'Messenger' for some time. My brother get is at Sunday school, and I read the correspondence in it. Pierson is not a very large place, but it is growing. We are to have a new school built this summer. I have only lived in Manitoba three years. Before then we lived in Dumfrieshire, Scotland. My father had a farm there. Manitoba isn't a very pretty country. There are no trees near Pierson, but along the Antler River, some miles from here, the trees are quite thick. I am nine years old. I like to go to school. I have learned to skate since we came here; we have nice times in winter. I was in Montreal three years ago; we landed from the boat there; I was very sick crossing from Scotland. For a pet I have a nice little cat; it likes to kill flies.

ELEANOR A. H.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Boy and His Home.

(By Miriam E. Brozman, in 'American Mother.')

The boy's standing, above all, in some homes is deplorable. Much has been said about mother and daughter, but very little about mother and son.

Too often he is treated as only a something that comes home three times a day to eat his meals, and, after supper, with a change of collar and necktie, off he is to go, only to return home in time to retire.

What wonder, then, that he looks for his amusements outside the home, seeking the card or the billiard-table. He certainly needs a little recreation after his day's work is over.

Perhaps nothing is done at the home towards entertaining him; he is looked upon as a separate being, not as a member of the family. Little pains are taken to make it attractive for him within the boundaries of the home. How can he feel interested in the home and its belongings? He is very seldom consulted about the family transactions, the supposition being that he does not care. That is a great mistake. He will care if you show him how to care. Boys can think and feel the same as other people.

When a boy (no matter what his age may be) comes home, do everything to make it comfortable for him. Do not keep reminding him of coming into the house with his shoes dirty; overlook the dirt occasionally and pay more attention to the boy, and he will in time, himself, look after his shoes.

Take an interest in all his affairs, whether they be play, school, or work. Talk over with him the day's happenings, his experiences, the people he met with, what words were exchanged, and so on. All these little attentions help to hold him closer to the home. Ask his opinion on your new bonnet, or the new wall-paper; or even if it is an expensive painting you have bought. By so doing you bring out the best that is in him. Please the boy and he will please you.

We should bear in mind that the boy of to-day may be the statesman of to-morrow.

Selected Recipes.

Cracker Omelet.—Break one quart of oyster crackers into small pieces, pour over them one pint of hot milk with half teaspoonful salt. Stir in three eggs well beaten and put into a hot buttered skillet. Cook slowly ten minutes, stirring frequently.

Apple Fritters.—Apple fritters are a delicate entree, and are a suitable accompaniment for any kind of roast, or they may serve as a dessert with a sweet sauce. Make a batter as follows: Put into a small bowl one-half cupful of flour and add to it the well-beaten yolk of one egg and one-quarter cupful of cold water. Beat this thoroughly. Then stir in one-half tablespoonful of melted butter or, better yet, olive oil and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt. Then fold in carefully the stiffly-beaten white of the egg. Stand on the ice for two or three hours. Just before time to serve the fritters peel three large sour apples and remove the cores with a corer. Cut them in round slices three-eighths of an inch thick, dip them one by one with a fork into the batter and drop into deep, very hot fat. When one side is a golden brown turn and remove as soon as the other side is the same color. Place on soft brown paper to drain and dredge with powdered sugar. If too many are put into the fat at one time it will cool the fat, and the consequence will be that the slower cooking will cause them to 'soak fat.' In turning them over be careful not to puncture them with the fork, as that will have a tendency to make them heavy.

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